

# Loch Lomond, Song in 3/4

She built her house on the sand  
and oh she paid her bills  
until one day, her man, he died  
and a fractured clan moved in

build stairs upon stairs and rooms upon rooms  
and doors that go nowhere  
build stairs upon stairs and rooms upon rooms  
and doors that go nowhere

singing you're not going anywhere  
and your not going anywhere  
and you're not going anywhere without us  
singing you're not going anywhere  
and your not going anywhere  
and you're not going anywhere without us

She moved one ten tons of bricks  
from one side of this room to the other  
tremors buck the land and wind whips the endless flags  
singing we are men of the C  
grew blue blood off the trade  
until one day each of us fell and fall we did  
our hearts grew black with silk and masks from the dutch tea C

Singing there is imbalance here  
and there is imbalance here  
and oh we've lost our trade

she moved one ten tons of bricks  
from one side of her life into another